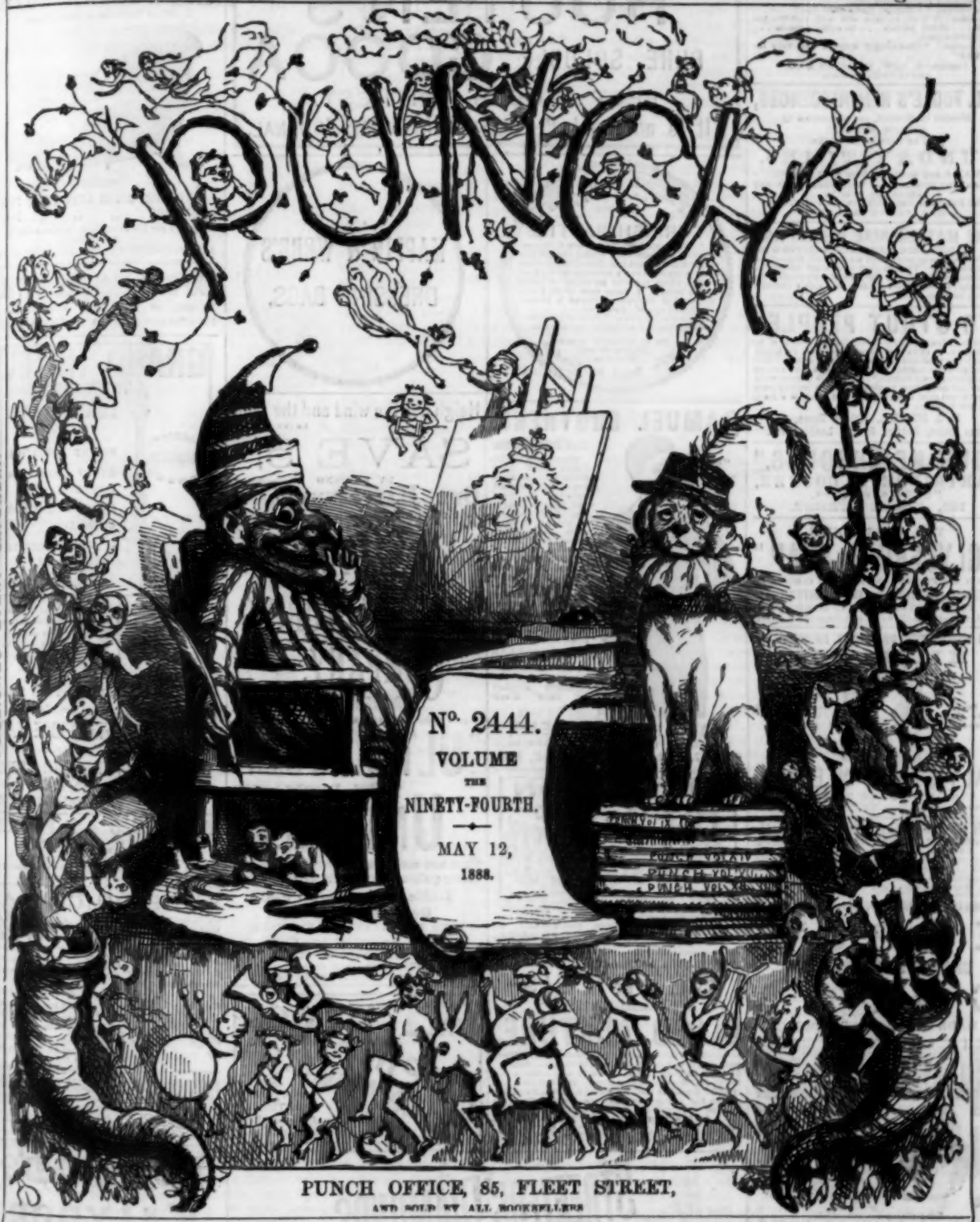
BURGLAR BILL. *A New Work (reprinted from "Punch") by* F. ANSTEY, *author of* "VICE VERSA," *&c., will be published next week, with an Illustration by* L. SAMBOURNE. *Price One Shilling.*



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

Apollinaris *The filling at the Apollinaris Spring during the year* 1887 *amounted to* 11,894,000 *bottles.*

[Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

"Incorruptibly fine. There has been nothing to equal it in any recent work of fiction."
YORK HERALD.

JOHN WESTACOTT.

By JAMES BAKER. Cheaper Edition. 1 vol., 6s.
SCOTSMAN: "Exquisite literary work . . . John Westacott, Colbourne, Lieschen and the rest, are all apparently studies from life."
SPECTATOR: "Effective pictures of life."
GRAPHIC: "Well written and well constructed novel . . . Much pathos . . . Genuine passion . . . Good portraiture."
GUARDIAN: "Charmingly written and very interesting."
London: S. LOW, MARSTON & CO.
And at all Booksellers.

J. L. TOOLE'S REMINISCENCES,

Related by Himself, and Chronicled by
JOSEPH HATTON,
will be commenced in the
SUNDAY TIMES,
MAY 6, and continued from week to week.
Order at any Newsagents. In case of any difficulty as to supply, write to
The Publisher, Salisbury Court, London, E.C.
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD AND FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the original and only recognised medium for High-Class Introductions. The largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 3d.; in envelope, 4½d.—Address Editor, 69, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to RADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (116 pages) with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 7 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.
F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

"OUR NEIGHBOURS."
PARTRIDGE & COOPER,
"THE" STATIONERS,
192, FLEET STREET.

THE PURE WHITE
"GLYCERINE SOAP"
Softens and Preserves the Skin and Complexion.
WHITAKER & GROSSMITH,
23, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.
1s. 6d. Box of 3, at Chemists and Grocers, or direct.

THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN NEEDLES.
MILWARDS'

SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS. SAMPLE PACKET GRATIS AND POST FREE.
CALYX-EYED NEEDLES.
THREAD WITHOUT THREADING.
HENRY MILWARD & SONS, Washford Mills, Redditch.

THE INSURANCE POLICY-HOLDERS' MUTUAL PROTECTION LEAGUE, Ld. Everyone insured, or intending to insure, should read the League's publication, PROFIT OR PLUNDER? &c. To be had post free for Sixpence, on application to the Secretary of the League, 6, Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
CRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless; Will reduce 2 to 5 lb. a week: acts on the food in stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by all Chemists.
Send stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co., 3 New Oxford st., W.C.

Dr. Ridge's Food.

VAN HOUTEN'S
PURE SOLUBLE **COCOA**
BEST & GOES FARTHEST.
"It is admirable."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

PIESSE & LUBIN
PERFUMERS
FACTORS
TURKISH PASTILS
"Through all my travels few things astonished me more than seeing the Beauties of the Harem smoking Nazphide at Stamboul. After smoking a sweet aromatic Pastil is used, which imparts an odour of flowers to the breath. I have seen these Pastils but once in Europe, at PIESSE & LUBIN'S Shop."—*Lady W. Montague.*
Ladies who admire a "Breath of Flowers" should taken Pastil night and morning
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL *Perfumers and Druggists*
2 New Bond St London

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

Boys' School Outfits.
Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS OF MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing about 200 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.
Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS' "Wear-Resisting" Fabrics (Regd.) are especially adapted for BOYS' HARD WEAR.
SAMUEL BROTHERS,
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

FURNISH ON ALLEN AND SCOTT'S SYSTEM.
Save Capital. Furnish from Income. All the Best Manufacturers to select from. Free delivery. No fees or expenses. 46, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., and 20, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from WHATEVER cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the CAUSE from the blood and bones. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors,
Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S DRESSING BAGS.

Heigh ho! the wind and the rain.
SHAKESPEARE.
SAVE 5/-
BY SENDING POST
ONE HALFPENNY CARD
WITH YOUR NAME AND FULL ADDRESS, TO THE
BRADFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE,
Who will forward an Illustrated Catalogue of their
"ULTIMUS SILK"
RAIN REPELLENT
UMBRELLAS
Which have more genuine improvements and long wearing qualities than any Umbrellas in the World.
Ladies', 6s., *Carriage Paid.*
Gentlemen's, 10s.,
WITH HALL-MARKED SILVER BAND.
40 beautiful handles to choose from.
A GUARANTEE with each Umbrella. Money refunded if not entirely to customer's satisfaction.

Colours Exquisite.
Surface like Porcelain.
ASPINALL'S ENAMEL.
Sold everywhere, or in Tins.
9d., 1/6 and 3/-, Post Free.
From WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS
MOUNTED from £5 to £5,000
18 NEW BOND ST. W.

Furnish Throughout (Regd.)
OETZMANN & CO.,
67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, and 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

LUXURIOUS DIVAN EASY CHAIR, 22s.
SUPERIOR " " " 75/-.
Orders per Post receive prompt and faithful attention.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

GRAND HOTEL,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE,
LONDON, ENG.

FINEST SITUATION.
EVERY LUXURY AND COMFORT.
MOST RECHERCHÉ CUISINE.
VERY MODERATE TARIFF.

MATS
MADE ENTIRELY OF COIR.
WITHOUT DYE OR BLEACH.
MADE ANY SIZE OR SHAPE.
WITH NAMES, MOTTOES, MONOGRAMS, or CRESTS.
ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS *awarded for*
FIJI FIBRE MATS
TO
TRELOAR & SONS,
68, 69, & 70,
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Messrs. C. C. & T. MOORE,
AUCTIONEERS AND ESTATE AGENTS
(Established 1830),
144, MILE END ROAD, LONDON, E.
Special attention given to the management of East London House Property.

KURE-QUIC
Cured me at once of a Fearful Cold and Neuralgia.
Best QUININE TONIC and PICK-UP for Consumption, Rheumatism and Debility.
I seemed incurable until I tried **KURE-QUIC.**
I feared repeated Colds would bring on Consumption.
KURE-QUIC never fails to cure me, and thoroughly strengthens and lifts the body up. Price 1s. 9d. per bottle of all Chemists, and F. NEWBERY & SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—ROBARE'S AUREOLINE produces the beautiful Golden Colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World. Agents, E. HOVENDEN & SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, London, W.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR
Is a soothing and emollient milk for the Face and Arms. It removes Freckles, Roughness, Redness, &c., and renders the Skin soft, smooth, and white. It is warranted free from any lead or oxide of zinc, and is the original and only genuine kalydor made. Buy no KALYDOR except ROWLAND'S. Sold by Chemists, in 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. bottles.

THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE!

SIR,—Don't let Professor HERKOMER and Mr. W. S. GILBERT think that their notions are new and original as to building theatres and lighting stages. Long ago, I drew out designs for a theatre, which every expert who had the privilege of inspecting pronounced

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The auditorium will be lighted by infinitesimal jets of the incandescent electric light so craftily contrived that no one can possibly make out where the light comes from, and, to speak lightly, the audience will be entirely in the dark on the subject. There is no heat; the ventilation is so managed that on the coldest day in winter, or on the warmest in summer there can be no perceptible change in the temperature. All the seats are so contrived that every one can enter and leave the auditorium without causing the slightest inconvenience to his neighbours.

THERE ARE NO BOX-KEEPERS,

no refreshment people; no hat and cloak nuisances;

ALL IS DONE BY MACHINERY

on the "Put-in-a-penny-and-take-out-a-chocolate" principle applied to refreshments, hats, and coats, &c. During the day the box-office is managed in the same mechanical manner.

There can be

NO DANGER OF FIRE,

as on the slightest alarm the entire theatre will come to pieces—[as to pieces coming to the entire theatre, more anon]—by anyone touching a button in the centre of the seat in which he happens to be sitting. The Theatre being built on the "Revolving Wing" principle (my sole invention), can be literally turned inside out at a moment's notice, and so be *well aired and dusted*. There is a sliding roof which collapses like an umbrella when required so to do. Everybody is brought up and down by a series of

AUTOMATIC LIFTS,

and the top gallery is therefore as accessible, without crush, as the lowest stall. This is a distinct advantage. Refreshments are brought in the same manner by *Dumb waiters*; the visitor to the auditorium has merely to touch a button labelled tea, coffee, ices, oranges, lemonade, or what not, at the back of his *fauteuil*, and there is before him whatever he requires—the amount in payment having been previously dropped into the slit labelled with the tariff of prices.

In rainy weather the "revolving walls" will be utilised, and a passage opened into the Stalls to admit carriages. In fact I have so arranged that all the year round the stalls shall be collapsible (this is the simplest thing possible), and the space thus opened, to a depth of from 4 ft. to 16 ft. gradient, will be at once filled with the purest filtered and boiled water, at a delightful temperature, the private boxes serving as dressing-rooms, so that persons waiting to take seats at the box-office, where there will always be a considerable crowd, can amuse themselves with water gymnastics, swimming, bathing, and so forth.

The entire theatre will be as capacious as

ST. PETER'S AT ROME,

a trifle wider if anything, to admit of certain novel stage-effects, and the production of historical pieces on a scale hitherto never attempted, or, if attempted, doomed to failure for want of adequate space and appliances, and, I may confidently add, of Genius capable of carrying to a triumphal finish the designs which, after all, though I am loth to dwell upon this theme, only True Genius—of which MICHELANGELO had more than a mere spark—only True and Unlimited Genius can originate. Then as to

ORCHESTRA AND LIGHTING.

The band is under the guidance—under the thumb—of the composer himself; it is out of sight, it is out of mind. It is mechanical. It will be

THE WONDER OF THE MUSICAL AGE,

and the effect is as of the hand of one master-mind playing all the instruments. As I compose my own music I know what this will be. "*Plaudite!*" But on their own merits modest men are dumb, and if I said more you would begin to shrewdly suspect that I had some ulterior design in appraising my own wares.

REAL SUN, MOON, STARS.

Light diffused, dispersed. *Real Light.* How this is managed is my secret. I will only hint at it thus:—"Sound" can be bottled up (that is how I manage my real thunder, and rain and hail,—I am now sampling several bottles of good sound thunder)—well, *so can light.* It is very easy for those who know how to do it, as I do, to get a supply of

BOTTLED LIGHTNING

—forked and summer—to be sent to any part of the country. Now while I use *artificial light for the auditorium*, I use real light, bottled sunlight, moonlight, starlight—fog mixture, mist mixture, and so forth, for the stage. Every effect will be regulated by the

"TOUCH-THE-BUTTON SYSTEM."

I will not further trespass on your space. I think it necessary thus to protect my rights. I have not mentioned the manufacture of applause—nor the Intelligence department, also mechanical, for the use of the audience. Another time. But I am yours—ever for ever,

The Hatch, Kolney. INIGO A. BUSTER.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been so greatly pleased and struck with Mr. DONNELLY's excellent discovery of BACON's "Cryptogram," that I have taken the trouble to solve another for myself. Are you aware that Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE's *Complete Concordance to Shakespeare* contains one? Probably not; and yet it does, and no doubt the puzzle was inspired by the Bard of Avon himself. It is very simple. All you have to do is to prepare two alphabets, and take the proper number of words and lines. This is so easy that I will not insult your intelligence by explaining to you "how it is done." Working out this plain problem, I have already made the following discovery:—

Turn to page 191, and finding the third column, you must count 67, when you will come to "Don." Now go to page 527, and passing your finger down the first column, you soon arrive at "Nell." Add "Don" to "Nell" and you get "Donnell"; and *in the very same page* you will find "Deputy." Take away the "y" from this last word, and add it to what you have already acquired, and there you are—"DONNELLY"! Is this not extraordinary?

But this is not all! Turn to page 681, and towards the end of the second column you get "rounding Sicilia is a so forth." Take away the first two words and the last two words, and "is a" remains. Add what we have before, and now we obtain, "DONNELLY is a." But after all this is not complete—it is a broken sentence. We must add something more before we have a perfectly satisfactory result. Well, it is simple enough. All we have to do is to turn to page 271 (which is easily selected by a simple mathematical calculation), and counting 3 from the bottom of the third column, we come to a quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*, which runs as follows:—"The hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy." Now add one word from this line to "DONNELLY is a," and the mystery is solved. But what that word should be I must leave to your readers' sense of the appropriate to discover.

Yours enthusiastically,

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

SIR,—I write this to inform you that last night as I was sitting in my library, I heard the clear note of the Cuckoo. I think I counted it nine times. Soon afterwards I retired to rest with a thankful heart. This is indeed a sign and a Harbinger of a really fine Spring!

Yours gladly,

PATER FAMILIAS ORNITHOLOGISTUS.

Private and confidential, by same post.

I know the Governor has been writing to the papers about hearing the Cuckoo. Such a lark! I mean such a Cuckoo! It was our old nursery clock, which had been out of order for ever so long. Yesterday, we got the Winder-up, who comes here once a week, to mend it, and out came the Cuckoo. The Governor had his door open, and we had ours open up-stairs at nine o'clock. That's what he heard. But he's right about its being "a sign of a really fine spring." So it is, for the Winder-up said it was a first-rate spring when he mended it. Don't tell, only I don't want *you* to be gammoned.

Yours, TOMMY.

ROYAL ACADEMY COTILLON AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

From Our Whispering Gallery Reporter.—It is said that soon a New Gallery Club will be started as a rival to the Grosv. Gal. Club. A New Gal., if a nice one, must always be an attraction. Should the surmise that it will be opened with a Ladies' Night be correct, then equally so is the rumour that Sir Comyns Carr—*Mr. Punch* gives him the *title d'avance* because he is the personification of The Ladies' Knight—will dance the *minuet de la cour* in full Court costume, accompanied by Mr. Charles Hallé. The report that the New Gallery will be open on Sundays to the Hallé-lujah Lasses of the Salvation Army, is simply untrue.

'ARRY AT A RADICAL RECEPTION.

DEAR CHARLIE,—This Spring's a dashed fraud; beastly wind still blows 'ard from the North;
But Society's fair on the shove, and the buds is, at last, bustin' forth.
The Two Thousand's bin run, and the Picture Shows open all round like green peas;
So I s'pose we must sing "*Spring's Delights*,"—when we ain't on the bark or the sneeze.

Went last night to a Opening Show of another guess sort, my dear boy;
Not my regular form by a lump, nor the spechies of sport I enjoy.
Got dragged into it, though, by a pal who's a Radical kind of a cub,
And who got me a ticket—don't larf!—for the National Liberal Club!

You know TOMMY TROTTER,—pale face, ginger hair, and nose-pinchers, old chap,—
An awfully "earnest" young mug, mate, and not the least mite up to trap.
He is mashed on old GLADSTONE no end, as his sort always is to a man,
And his Club, CHARLIE, 'ad a "Reception," which means a big crowd and cold scran.

Poor TOM looked all corners and crumples, and so did a jolly lot more,
For it ain't every sportsman, dear boy, as can chuck on the war-paint and score.
But I saw by the looks of the ladies as ogled my sweetly-iled air,
And my claw-hammer coat and cuff-shooters, that 'ARRY was simply all there.

Swell building, old pal, and no kid, marble staircase all colour and shine,
A la Restorong, CHARLIE; the 'Olborn ain't 'ardly more spacious and fine.
Rather too many tiles for my taste; shiny walls may be all very nice,
For a dairy or fishmonger's shop; but a Club ain't a place to store ice.

But 'twas 'ot, CHARLIE, thunderin' 'ot. I got jammed in the Liberv crowd,
I'ad shoved to the front like a shot, but a crummy old Liberal dowd
With bare shoulders by acres, dear boy, and a twenty-stun white-'aired old Rad
Nearly made me a pancake between 'em; I tell you, old man, I felt bad.

'Owsomever, I sweltered and listened. They stuck the Old Man on a chair,
'Cos the parties behind couldn't see, and they didn't mean missing their stare,
"'Igher up, Sir!" they shouts, "'igher up!" afore two or three words he had spoke.
And he hists 'imself up in their sight, like a jolly good-natured old bloke.

Well, you know I'm not nuts on 'im, CHARLIE; Society 'ates him like sin,
And I goes with Society, slap, mate; but when the old boy did begin,
Though his patter I wasn't arf fly to, his meanin' I couldn't quite kech,
Still—well, mate, he may be a fraud, but I'm blowed if he isn't a "fetch."

'Ad me fair upon toast, the old sinner; his figgerhead isn't arf bad,
Sez I, "he's the sort of old toff as a cove would be proud of for dad."
TOMMY TROTTER he stared. "Ah!" sez he, "my dear 'ARRY, I know'd you'd come round.
That's the wicked old traitor you Tories so 'iss at, and 'owl at, and 'ound!"

"You shut up, TOMMY TROTTER!" I sez. I could see he was fair on the froth,
And jest wanted sitting on sharp, or the butter would be in the broth. [fiddledee,
"He *has* got the gift o' the gab, but it's all blooming
And the way you mugs foller 'im round jest like spaniels is sick'ning to me."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Todeson (who has grown his Moustache, dropped his G's, and got into Society again). "FACT IS SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, DUCHESS. IT'S NOT AMUSIN', AFTER SPENDIN' A PLEASANT EVENIN', TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN HOBNOBBIN' WITH A SHOPKEEPER, OR SITTIN' NEXT HIS WIFE AT DINNER, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace "OH, DEAR ME! WHY, MY *HUSBAND*'S A SHOPKEEPER, MR. TODESON. HE KEEPS THAT GREAT BRIC-À-BRAC WAREHOUSE IN CONDUIT STREET!—AND THE TOY-SHOP AT THE CORNER, THAT'S MINE!—AND THE CONFECTIONER OVER THE WAY, THAT'S MY MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF HAUTCASTEL!"

[*Todeson feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.*

So it wos CHARLIE. "Very absurd! they quite make 'im a hidol, and why?"
Sez a lady in pink at my elber. "By Jove, right you are, Mum," sez I.
"I was tellin' my mate, TOMMY TROTTER"——but here she slung off like a shot,
With her nose 'eavens-high in the hair, Sir. And that's your dashed *Radical* lot!

Wy, a prime Primrose Dame, well wuth ten on her, tipped me her sweet little paw,
At a Brixwood Bazaar, t'other day, and she chatted that chummy—oh law!
I felt, well, I 'ardly know 'ow, mate, all 'oney and oder eolong.
Yet they say Tories ain't demmyoratic, Rads *are!* That's a trifle *too* strong.

Well, we took a turn round and a quencher, mate, arter the wust of the crush.
Sich lots of she-spankers, my pippin, large order in satin and plush,
With spreads of pink shoulders; slim twisters with touzles of tow-coloured 'air,
And bilious-hued frocks like green bedgowns, a-floppin' on couch and on chair.

Fair sprinkling of "Stars" TOMMY told me, but rayther small sparklers *I* think.
They ain't in the hunt with *hus*, CHARLIE; no, neither for style nor the chink.
TOMMY TROTTER he gushed most tremenjus; bowed here, nodded there, and all that;
But *I twigged that the toppers left early:* yours truly ain't 'ooked for a flat!

As TOMMY and me trotted 'ome he was at me, the silly young fool,
To turn up my Primrosing game and go in for his Club and 'Ome Rule.
"Way oh! TOMMY TROTTER," sez I, "that's a motion, old man, you may carry
When Toffdom and GLADSTONE jine 'ands and you make a fair juggins of

'ARRY.

OUR PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 1940. A Statue at Large. Illustrating by mechanism "The Descent of the Crown." By Alfred Gilbert, A., and "A 1," Empressionist.

No. 15. *A Storey illustrated.*

No. 26. *Frith's Rummyniscences.* 100th edition.

No. 97. *The Countess of Cottenham.* "Quite La Cheese!" Herman Schmirchen.

No. 100. "*I'll have your Breakfast!*" Sulky boatman thinking how he shall get hold of small boy's breakfast, who has been served while he has to wait. The expression of Cunning on the boatman's face is well depicted by Craft.

"Neighbours."

Old Gent at No. 433 (*Alfred Aublet's*). Well!! Only an open door between us! I shall complain to Mr. Horsley.

Quiet Young Lady (*without name or a dress, except No.* 438). Don't think any one can see me. So cool. What "Joy!"

No. 110. "*Happy.*" Rather inclined to call it "Fanny." Thereby hangs a tale; nothing to be ashamed of, though whoever placed it here, must have hung his (B. G.) Head.

No. 119. "*Across the Heath.*" Ah, how many years one remembers this poor old fellow! He has advanced—in years. The title should have been, "A Step Farther," but this did not occur to Alfred A. Glendening.

No. 179. "*H. R. H. Prince of Wales, K.G., as an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Painted for the Corporation.*" Frank Holl, R.A. F. Holl is very nearly at his Holliday best here. Quite the Courtier. The Prince is not a bit like an "Elder Brother," but looks as if he were the Youngest Son. As for "the Corporation," for which it has been painted, there's not a sign of it. He is the very slimmest of Royal Highnesses.

No. 189. "*Very Goodall, R.A.*" What does our dear old friend J. Clothes-Horsley say to this, eh? Ahem! Probably, No Goodall!

No. 195. "*Much Moore, A?*"

No. 198. "*You should see me Dance the Polka!*" The Right Hon. Sir Reginald Hanson, as Lord-Mayor, giving a Dancing Lesson. The first step of the Polka. This new start is painted with considerable finish by "Hon. John Collier." Brayvo, Hon. John!

No. 236. "*Here We Are Again!*" Very glad to see old friends again when introduced by Marcus Stone, R.A.

No. 286. "*Her Mother's Voice; or, The Distracted Husband.*" Here Mr. Orchardson has forcibly depicted a very telling scene. The elderly man in the chair has married a young wife, who is at the piano flirting with a gentleman who is pretending to be assiduously engaged in turning over the pages of music. The moral painter here suggests the hope that this young man may soon turn over a new leaf. The young wife has one eye—the left—on the lover, and the right is slyly veering towards the long-suffering husband, whose left eye is surreptitiously glancing at her, while his right is steadily gazing at the footstool, as though he were meditating picking it up and flinging it at the heads of the enamoured couple. He is distracted by the simultaneous performance on the violin of the lady next door, No. 281. But what especially irritates him is the sound of his wife's voice, which so reminds him of the tone of *his* late mother-in-law, and, therefore, of *her* mother. The room and the accessories are the same old but always admirable properties, but the tale is new and the title most subtly and sarcastically chosen—"Her Mother's Voice."

No. 292. "*Still Life! or, Missed Again!*" An Academy J.E.M.! Sir John, with characteristic modesty, has omitted himself in the picture; but as there is no mistaking a brilliant J.E.M., and as everyone "sees Millais in it," we have introduced him into the scene. Birds uncommonly wild.

No. 298. "*Sub Rosâ; or, The Blooming Blizzard.*" The artist is probably having a sly hit at the Operatic Bouquet nuisance. (N.B.—This is Alma Tadema's picture, of which you've already Aird tell.)

No. 346 "*James the First Escaping with the Great Seal.*" By W. H. Bartlett.

No. 350. "*The Pool of London.*" By Vicat Cole, R.A. Admirably painted. Probably intended for a Club Billiard-room.

No. 281.—"THE DISTRACTED HUSBAND."—No. 286.
(*Vide explanation of the two pictures, p. 220.*)

No. 292. "Still Life!"

No. 298. Sub Rosâ; or, The Blooming Blizzard.

No. 357. *Mrs. Ernest Moon.* By W. B. RICHMOND, A. Romantic combination. "The Moon, Richmond, and Ernest!" Not the "Inconstant Moon," but the "Ernest Moon." O *Romeo* and *Juliet!* O my Star and Garter—at Richmond!

No. 365. Not much of the "Colour Sargent" about this.

No. 413. "*Requiescat.*" Visitors will see that Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., has only given half the title. It is evidently "*Requiescat-and-dog.*" To be corrected in next cat-a-logue.

No. 439. *Type of Womanhood.* By W. B. RICHMOND, A. What do his initials stand for? Evidently, "Wouldn't-you Be Richmond, A?"

No. 508. "*No Partners, and the Last Dance!*" JAMES ARCHER.

No. 1038. *J. M. Levy, Esq.* By HUBERT HERKOMER, A. To the life. So characteristic too of the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph.* Fine healthy tone in the cheeks, suggestive of the very best circulation. Who could have done the hair so perfectly? *Who but Hair-comber*, A.?

THE WINES OF OLD.

"Messrs. SPIERS AND POND have secured from the royal cellars of the late King of BAVARIA some Steinwein of 1540, the days of HENRY THE EIGHTH; Leistenwein of 1631, the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST; Steinwein of 1731, when GEORGE THE SECOND reigned; Johannisberg of 1811, the beginning of the Regency; and Rudesheimer and Hockheimer of 1822, when GEORGE THE FOURTH was King. The wines are on sale at the Criterion."—*St. James's Gazette.*

OH, what is Port of 'Thirty-four,
Not much of it remaining,
To Steinwein of the days of yore,
When bluff King HAL was reigning!
And here, from Sixteen-thirty-one
A Leistenwein comes splashing;
Ere CHARLES's troubles had begun,
Or RUPERT's sword was flashing.

Here's Steinwein of a good age too,
The days of GEORGE THE SECOND;
When FIELDING wrote and HOGARTH drew,
And WALPOLE smart was reckon'd.

Johannisberg we find that dates
Just after Eighteen-hundred;
Ere we lost the United States,
And France's cannon thundered.

These come from Warzberg cellars, where
Bavarian Kings would hold them;
But strange King LUDWIG did not care
For ancient wines, and sold 'em.
And now they travel far beyond
Where Rhineland realms are hilly;
And flow for us from SPIERS AND POND,
Near pleasant Piccadilly.

A NEW NATIONALISM.—The flower of the Boulangist Party is the Carnation. If the general opinion be favourable, the movement will be known as "Car-nationalism."

LETTS BE CORRECT.—LETTS' *Commercial Tablet Diary* states:—"*Tues. May* 1. *Royal Academy opens.*" But it didn't. Many persons thought it did, not remembering, any more than the Letts' Compiler, that the Royal Academy opens on the first *Monday* in May.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

(*Summary of the Speeches, by a late Guest. Saturday, May 5. Midnight.*)

PRINCE, pithy, pointed,
CAMBRIDGE disjointed,
SALISBURY humorous,
HALSBURY gloom o'er us,
HAMILTON prosy,
TYNDALL so dozey!
Lord Mayor DE KEYSER,
Voice pitched too high, Sir,
Speech Ostend-tatious;
LECKY loquacious,
Rooms very spacious,
Banquet splendacious,
All there voracious,
President gracious,
Touching, vivacious,
Him our R.A.'s
Heartily praise.
Here's to Sir FRED!
* * * *
Now, Home to bed!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

(*Why not give them a few Lessons in the Science of Book-Making?*)

Mr. Professor. "AND NOW, LADIES, HAVING CLOSED OUR BOOK ON THE FAVOURITE, AND THE BETTING BEING SEVEN TO THREE BAR ONE, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO WORK OUT THE ODDS AGAINST THE DOUBLE EVENT."

PIGS IN A PANIC.

(*With Mr. Punch's acknowledgment for a suggestion in Mr. Stanley Buckley's picture, "Routed."*)

Woohoo! Wirrasthrue! Here's a hullaballoo!
Talk of darkness at mid-day, a bolt from the blue!—
What are they to this startler portentous?
It comes like a comet, it spins like a wheel,
The placidest porker must falter, and feel
That the moment is truly momentous.

Irish pigs on a hill-side, they rummage and root,
With snouts all unringed, each Hibernian brute
Grunting low in serene satisfaction.
Hrumph! hrumph! But at sight of that swift spinning [wheel,
How soon the grunt turns to an agonized squeal,
The calm to precipitate action.

W-r-r-r! whiz-z-z! What is that? Gracious goodness, look [out!
Every tail quivers quick, every tremulous snout
Snuffs imminent danger instanter.
The herd, like the Gadarine lot, fill with fright:
Some crouch and some scuttle, some shrink at the sight,
And others are off in a canter.

"Queak! queak! This is most unexpected, this is!
What a terrible thud! What a horrible whiz!
What palsying circumgyration!
From the crest of the hill 'twas unkind to dislodge it!
'Tis plain we can't stop it, *perhaps* we may dodge it,
And lessen our foes' jubilation."

More frightened than hurt? That remains to be seen;
At present that hillside presents a queer scene
Of catastrophe almost volcanic.
An avalanche suddenly launched, it is clear,
Could hardly produce more amazement and fear
Than are shown by our pigs in a panic.

ITALIANO IN COVENT-GARDENO.

THE Organising Committee, consisting of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, Earl DE GREY, The Hon. OLIVER, MONTAGU and Messrs. HENRY CHAPLIN, A. de MURIETTA, and HENRY OPPENHEIM, that has been formed for the purpose of backing up Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS in his spirited Italian Opera enterprise that he is about to inaugurate at Covent Garden, met last week to discuss details. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS in the Chair.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD wanted to know why they couldn't open with *Black Eye'd Susan?* Wasn't there an Opera called *Britannia?* At all events *Britannia* sounded Italian, and would be highly popular.

Lord DE GREY wished to inquire if cigarettes and light refreshments could be served in the stalls? Wasn't there a song in something about "*Il Cigaretto per Esser?*"

The Chairman here reminded the meeting that the subject was distinctly Italian Opera.

Mr. CHAPLIN thought the Sporting Element ought to be brought in. Country Cousins came up to town and liked to go to the Opera. He could do a lot with his constituents in the way of stalls, if "pleasure horses" were introduced. He had not seen the list of promised Operas, but he would be glad to know if in any of them there was any approach to a sporting situation.

Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU said the only approach to a sporting situation he could recall was in *Ernani*, where some fellow, near the end of the Opera, blew a horn. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. CHAPLIN: Did that bring on a pack of hounds? ("*Oh! Oh!*")

Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU said he didn't recollect very clearly, but he didn't think it did. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. CHAPLIN wished to ask whether there was not an Opera called *The Flying Dutchman?* Surely that was an old Derby subject? ("*Oh! Oh!*" and "*Question.*")

Mr. DE MURIETTA thought that they had better let WAGNER alone.

Mr. OPPENHEIM wanted to know why they had better "let WAGNER alone"? The sole question they had to ask themselves was, "Did he draw?"

"PANIC AMONGST THE PIGS!"

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD never heard that WAGNER professed to "draw." Thought he only composed. ("*Oh! oh!*")

Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU thought if the Opera could be played at a reasonable time—he meant at such a time as wouldn't interfere with his dinner-hour—it would be a sort of attraction, and help to fill the place.

The Chairman then rose. He said he had listened with profound respect and attention to the suggestions that had fallen from the

The Italian Opera Organising Committee, under the direction of Signor Augustus Druriolanus.

members of the "Organising Committee" assembled around him, and he thought, on the whole, he could not do better than advise them to leave the conduct of the matters they had been discussing entirely to him. He flattered himself he knew a thing or two about stage management, and the Operas he was going to take in hand he would undertake to turn out in such a style that their own composers would hardly recognise them. ("*Hear, hear!*") His *troupe* with ALBANI, NORDICA, ARNOLDSON, the DE RESZKE Brothers, and a host of other eminent *artistes*, would rival the palmy days of LUMLEY, and the less remote, though not less brilliant, epoch of GYE. He hoped to show that Italian Opera was not only not dead, but was more flourishing and vigorous than ever. (*Cheers.*)

THE EXHIBITION-LOVER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Do you intend to visit all the Exhibitions?

Answer. Certainly. I have on my list the Anglo-Danish, the Italian, the French, and the Irish.

Q. Are you very fond of these collections of all that is excellent in Nature and Art?

A. Very; especially the lamps, the bands, and the American bars.

Q. You are most discriminating. At the Anglo-Danish Exhibition you would select something from *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark?

A. Remembering the English Village, I should like to see a Danish *Hamlet*. Also, I should like to examine the hobby-horse to which he refers in the Third Act. I think, too, that some of *Ophelia's* Columbines might appropriately appear in a *ballet*.

Q. I find you know your Shakspeare by heart. Is there anything else you would desire to see at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition?

A. The "quadrant dinner" on a fine summer evening.

Q. What do you expect to see at the Italian Exhibition?

A. The ground hypothecated last year to the Wild West Company in someone else's occupation.

Q. Do you expect anything else?

A. On a fine evening the inconstant moon mentioned to *Romeo* by *Juliet*. And no doubt we shall have "ancient Rome," and "ancient Venice," and "ancient SPIERS AND POND," or "ancient BERTRAM AND ROBERTS," or some other well-known refreshment caterers.

Q. And you will be able to fancy yourself in Italy?

A. Oh yes. My imagination will be assisted by the close proximity of the District Railway and the beautiful climate of West Kensington.

Q. And what do you fancy you will see at the French Exhibition?

A. Chiefly the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

Q. And at the Irish?

A. Some new tenants for that unfortunate hall, with the evidently Irish name, "O'Lympia."

Q. And what do you expect to learn from all these exhibitions?

A. That "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Q. What do you mean by "one touch of Nature"?

A. The usual shilling admission to all.

Q. But supposing that the Anglo-Danish, Italian, French, and Irish exhibits were eliminated, and only the music, lamps, and refreshments remained, would you not be sorrowful?

A. I should be very, very, very sorrowful! As my reasonable and always satisfactory "self-improvement" excuse for going there, unaccompanied by my wife, would be removed.

Q. Would this loss affect the number of your appearances?

A. Yes, and the attendance of the highly respectable Public.

Q. But if only Anglo-Danish, Italian, and Irish products were exhibited, without music, refreshments, dining-rooms, and variegated electric-lighting effects, would it not be a great success?

A. No doubt such an Exhibition would be a very great success—*but no one would go and see it.*

STRANGERS FOR THE STRANGERS.

(*Revised Rules for Admission to the House of Commons.*)

1. Every Member shall be entitled to give previous to the sitting of the House two Orders of Admission to the Strangers' Gallery for each day of the Parliamentary Sitting, thus enabling each Member at the end of the Session to have about 180 orders out for the last day.

2. An Admission Order Office, under control of the Police, shall be provided, as near as possible to the foot of the staircase leading from the Central Hall to the door at the end of the corridor near the entrance to the passage leading from the room beyond the steps in front of the hall at the back of the ladder reaching to the Gallery, and in electric communication with the latter, the former, and the other one.

3. Every Member desiring to give Orders of Admission to the Strangers' Gallery shall make application, either personally or by writing, or through a third party, or by proxy, or, in cases of absence, by cypher telegram, at the Admission Office, stating:—His own name and address. Name and address of anyone he pleases. Name and date of *The Stranger*. Where it was played last. Who appeared in the character of *Mrs. Haller*. Date for which the Order is required. Name of the Theatre where it is to be available. Whether the Order is to give admission after Seven o'Clock.

4. The clerks in charge of this Office shall register and number this application, and give to the Member applying a ticket of admission in the following form:—

No. ____ THEATRE ROYAL

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ADMISSION ORDER FOR TWO GOOD SEATS FOR _____

To be presented not later than Seven o'Clock

EVENING DRESS INDISPENSABLE.

Umbrellas, Dynamite, and Revolvers must be left at the doors. Opera Glasses, Half-a-Crown for the whole evening. Orders of the Day 6*d.* each. No Fees. Apples, Oranges, and Ginger Beer to be had on application. N.B.—You are requested not to crack Nuts during the Speeches of the Leader of the House and the Rt. Hon. Gentleman at the head of Her Majesty's Opposition.

5. A Stranger, on coming to the House on the day and date entered on his ticket, should produce it to the Police, who should inform him whether he can be admitted. If he cannot be admitted then he will be detained until there is room in the Gallery for some one else. If there is not room in the Gallery for some one else, then he shall be balloted for until he is found to be in the minority. Upon this he shall be taken to the Clock Tower to be examined before two Justices of the Peace, who shall ask for the names of his father, brother, uncles and aunts, together with the addresses of his bankers, his dentists, and his solicitors. After this, his butcher's book will be carefully examined, and a copy made of the bill for his last week's washing. He then will be deprived of his hat, overcoat, purse, watch and chain and cigar-case. He will be then released from custody, and allowed to return to the Admission Office.

6. The Stranger, having complied with these requirements, must then proceed to the Gallery, at the door of which he will give up his ticket and the rest of his property to the door-keeper, who will immediately pass him on to the Police. 7. He will then be chucked out.

A Legacy to the Nation.

THE leading article in the *Times* of last Saturday on the publication of Lord DARTMOUTH's family papers by the Historical Manuscripts Commission contained this line:—

"The LEGGES for many generations have occupied a conspicuous position."

Apart from the context, it sounds like a history of the Ballet. Taken with the context, recounting how the members of the family have ever been in most responsible offices, we may well ask—"What would BRITANNIA have been without her *Legges?*" And among them hardly a black Legge, or a Legge that couldn't go straight.

THE PICTURES. 1888.

Portly Visitor. "I ENJOY THESE PRIVATE VIEWS SO MUCH, DEAR! NONE O' THOSE HORRID DISAGREEABLE TURNSTILES!"

ROBERT'S SILVER WEDDING.

WHAT a werry strange suckumstance it is that so many sillybrated people has all managed to have their Silwer Weddins this here yere. All along of the Prince of WHALES. But the most strangest thing of all is, that my much better harf went and found out that this was our Silwer Weddin Year as well as so menny other people's, and that it came dew on Sunday, larst fust of April! Now the fust thing as we found raypher a little orkard, wen we had made up our minds to keep it up with dew conwiwiality, was the day. The 1st of April ain't at all a bad day for to go and git married on, if so be as you must git married at all, in fact I have herd it sed by a grinning old Bacheldore that, it being All Fools' Day, it ort to be speshally reserved for sitch ocashuns! So we both agreed to put it off to the nex day, witch being a Bank Olliday, all our reglar set wood be sure to be dishingaged.

I was so wrapt up a thinking all about my grate speech for the Second of April that I quite forgot all about the Fust, so when I set down to Brekfust on that morning with the Fammily, and my yungest boy, little TOMMY, cum up, and sed to me "Lor, Par, sumboddy's bin and gorn and chorked a large D for Dunce on your bak!" I natrally dragged my coat hoff with hindignashun, when he shouted tout, "Ah, you April Donkey!" and there was a good larf all round. I coudn't be angry with the little deer, wen he xplained that he didn't like to call me the *other* name, coz it woodn't ha' bin true. I was glad that he had not forgot my rule, allus to treat his Parients with dew respect, and speshally to onner his Father and his Mother.

The sun didn't shine werry britely on our kept Silwer Wedding day, and there was jist a leetle too much Nor-East wind to suit either me or my fond partner, that werry particklar embracing wind not being particklar faworable to sumwhat used-up complections, speshally when they wants to look at their werry best, but at any rate it didn't rain, so off we all started for Grinnidge by one of the new old Steam Botes, as I'm glad to see is a running again as ushal.

It was my own dear partner's romantick serrgestion that we shood re-wisit on this, our silwer anniwersary, that particklar seat in the Park where, a quarter of a Sentry ago, I had boldly arsked her to jine her fortunes with mine, and where she had blushingly consented so to do. So, after a nice little lunch, we all started for the Park, and after a raypher long and dampish search, we found it, but jest as we had set ourselves comforably down to injoy the nateral fond rummynissenses of our romantick sittywashun, the rain began for to cum down with that cruel wiolence as it seems speshally to reserve for Bank Hollidays and Pick Nicks and Silwer Weddins, and drove us to the Railway Stashun, which, of course, was a long ways off as ushal. We got home werry damp and not werry partickler cheerful, but as Silwer Weddin days don't come ewery day, we soon pulled ourselves together and awaited the arrival of our warious gestes.

In they all came to an arty supper at 8 o'clock, and tho' we was jest a leetle scrowged, it wasn't suffishently so as to purwent us from hindulgin in plenty of arty larfter. BROWN was in great force, and his pressentashun to my fare spowse of a reel silwer Broch, subscribed for by all the staff of a certain Otel, in a reglar gushing speech of amost hinspired heloquence was one of the ewents of the heavening. The famerly had put their little mights together and bort their Ma a reel silwer Thimbel, which WILLIAM presented to her in a few words of such reel natral feeling that I prowdly quotes 'em. "Ma, this is for you, with your childeren's love, and ewery time as you puts it on to work with, or takes it hoff to leave hoff with, remember them as guv it you!" Of course poor Ma began for to cry, as was ony nateral on sitch an appy occashun, but a nice little drop of ot Rum and water administered at jest the rite time, put her all to rites again, and she wore the silwer hemblem of her hoffspring's love all the rest of the ewentful heavening.

As for myself, I had dewoted several ours to trying for to learn sum of the best pints of the Prince of Whales' speeches on like ocashuns, but, strange to say, when the himportent moment cum, my memery quite failed me, and I stumbled like a hold horse, or a werry green Cheerman, rather than a well-machewrd Waiter, witch I atributes to gitting so wet in Grinnidge Park that all my best ideas was quite washed out of my pore branes. However, I pulled myself together at the hend, and boldly arsked 'em, wun and hall, to come again to our nex Silver Wedding, which I wood take care to have a little later in the Summer, so as to be freed from North East Winds and soking showers, and all like wexations. And so, with "*He's a jolly good Feller!*" our ewentfool Silver Wedding Day came, untarnished to the werry hend.

ROBERT

ETIQUETTE.—It is correct to address the Lords of the Admiralty collectively as "My Lords," but it would be equally appropriate to add, "I hope your Warships are getting along satisfactorily."

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—No limit to resources of Irish Members. All night long ARTHUR BALFOUR stands with his back to the wall, on guard. Sometimes on offensive. Manages to deal out smart raps, that resound on tough hides. But Airey-Alfy not invincible. Irish Members had him to-night. JOSEPH GILLIS told me all about it. JOEY B. is sly, dev'lish sly, but strictly truthful. WASHINGTON, even in earliest boyhood, not in it with JOSEPH. Seems that, before House met this afternoon emissary of Irish Party had interview with Black Rod. Black Rod an amiable, elderly gentleman, who lives in constant terror of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate getting his salary cut down. Black Rod gets £500 a-year for sitting in uniform in box by Bar of House of Lords; another £500 for walking up floor of House of Commons; a cool thousand a-year for walking backward when he retires.

"And little enough too," Black Rod says. Sage retorts he knows a man who would do it quite as well for 30s. a week. Means to abolish Black Rod, salary and all.

Emissary worked on Black Rod's fears. Promised him Irish vote when Motion comes on in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. What Black Rod was to do was, to wait outside till he got tip that Airey-Alfy was on his legs, then to walk in, and summon Commons to Bar of House of Lords to hear Royal Commission read.

Black Rod managed it beautifully. Airey-Alfy up snubbing HARTINGTON. Door flung back. Messenger bellows "Black Rod!" Enter Black Rod and Airey-Alfy peremptorily shut up in middle of sentence. Obliged to sit down. Irish Members cheered, and laughed at success of little plot.

"You should have seen Black Rod wink at me as he retired backwards. It was quite *O revoir*," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "We must really do something for him when the Salary question comes on."

Meantime, House engaged again on King-Harman Salary Bill. A "two-penny-halfpenny measure," HENEAGE called it, in burst of surprising eloquence.

"Nay," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "it 's at least a thousand a-year. Sort of thing, one would imagine, that GRANDOLPH would oppose on economic grounds." GRANDOLPH, strange to say, not in his

place. When I come to think of it, never *is* here when King-Harman Salary Bill on. *Business done.*—Salary Bill and Land Commission Bill read a Second Time.

Tuesday.—Quite a curious thing happened to-day. Dr. CLARK had on paper question respecting condition of Scotch Crofters. Lord Advocate answered in usual crusty manner. When questions were over, CLARK rose; asked leave to move Adjournment. Expressed regret at interference with ordered Debate, but explained that he would not have taken the course but for unsatisfactory answer of Lord Advocate. Here's where the happy accident intervened. CLARK, putting hand into pocket in meditative mood, thinking how he should begin oration thus suddenly and unexpectedly called for, found voluminous notes of speech already prepared! Eagerly seized bundle. With its assistance talked for three-quarters of an hour. Of course, wouldn't do for average Member to expect similar luck on ordinary occasions. A pure accident, upon which CUNLIFFE BROOKS, stepping out of his portrait-frame at the Royal Academy, begged heartily to congratulate him.

Congratulatory Cunliffe.

Rather a dreary Debate, save for one of those flashes of pellucid speech with which CHAMBERLAIN occasionally varies proceedings. Lord Advocate very petulant. As WILFRID LAWSON says, has of late made not unsuccessful attempt to graft BALFOUR'S airy manner on the crabbed stock of a Scotch Dominie. Wants SMITH to let him bring down a ferrule. Says he would feel more at home if he had it in his hand whilst lecturing Scotch Members. SMITH says there's no precedent for it; Lord Advocate must imagine ferrule.

Scotch Crofters summarily disposed of, BRADLAUGH brought on subject of Waste Lands. The reverberating COLOMB green with envy as he sat and heard BRADLAUGH shout. BRADLAUGH always dominated by sense of fitness of things. Waste places being subject of his screed, imagined himself in centre of Salisbury Plain, with audience scattered about the marge. Always a pretty strident voice. But in these circumstances Niagara nowhere, and the reverberating COLOMB a puny whisperer. Effect presently seen. BRADLAUGH shouted place clear of Members, and at a quarter to nine House Counted Out. *Business done.*—None.

Wednesday.—It was MAPLE BLUNDELL'S speech that killed JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill. No doubt about that. One single passage in oration rung the knell. LUBBOCK, trying to conciliate Opposition, had exempted vendors of certain hot provisions from operation of Bill. It was this touched MAPLE most deeply. Wrought him up to height of passionate oratory.

The State in Danger.

"You may," he said, holding Bill between finger and thumb, as if it had been the next article asked for, and really, 'pon his credit, couldn't recommend it; "you may have a glass of 'ot lemonade, but if you want a glass of cold lemonade, Sir JOHN steps in and says, 'No.' You may have a 'ot tart, but not a cold tart; and, Sir," here voice sank to lowest unutterable depths of pained indignation, "if you want a 'ot sausage, you may have it, but not a cold peelony."

That settled the thing. Even the SPEAKER, who, after all, is (to a certain extent) human, gravely shook his head. As for GEORGE HIGGINSON ALLSOPP, he felt a crisis had been reached in long struggle for freedom of people.

"If," as he said to his brother SAMUEL CHARLES, whom he met in Lords' corridor, "a gentleman dropping in after Eight o'Clock for a pale ale can't choose between a hot sausage and a cold polony, what are we coming to?"

Business done.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S Early Closing Bill thrown out by 278 votes against 95.

Thursday.—Gaiety of House eclipsed to-night by news that SPEAKER is ill in bed. It is said the rapid progress of business has taken his breath away. Whatever be the cause, everyone unaffectedly sorry. We are all proud of our SPEAKER.

In his absence COURTNEY took Chair, GORST sitting later in Chair of Committees. One startling effect of this novelty is to bring out GEORGE CAMPBELL as a humorist. Wants to know what is going to be done with vacant space on arch by Hyde Park Corner formerly occupied by revered statue of Duke of WELLINGTON? If they have nothing else to put there, will they bring the statue back? PLUNKET rather thinks not. Spent £3000 in getting it down to Aldershot. A considerable sum, but the deliverance worth it. Strictest discipline preserved at Aldershot. Corporal's guard always told off to arrest privates speaking disrespectfully of the statue. Not at all likely to disturb this happy arrangement by fetching statue back in triumph. All very well for NAPOLEON to be from time to time *chassé* from Paris and then brought back amid frantic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Duke quite another person. His statue to be left to adorn Aldershot.

It was then CAMPBELL made his joke. Said he would "call attention to the distressing results which have followed the rash removal of a landmark dear to the inhabitants of London."

WILFRID LAWSON a little critical; says CAMPBELL joking reminds him of what Dr. JOHNSON said about the dog walking on its hind legs: "Not marvellous, though it was well done; strange it should be done it all." GOSCHEN snapped angrily at this incursion on his new preserves. If this was result of SPEAKER'S absence, sooner he was back the better. But House, led off by ADDISON, laughed consumedly, and for hours after GEORGE CAMPBELL, ecstatically nursing his right knee, indulged in silent chuckle. *Business done.*—GEORGE CAMPBELL made a joke. Budget Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—ASHBOURNE back in the Lords to-night. Says he's come over to see Pictures at Academy, and incidentally to introduce a Bill on Irish Bankruptcy. O'HANLON thinks that's all a blind. Suspects LORD CHANCELLOR of black designs.

"Doesn't come to London for nothing," O'HANLON says, gloomily.

"No, indeed," says ASHBOURNE, in his cheery way. "Costs me £4 5s., not to mention cab fares."

Being here, sets Lords by the ears. Throws in innocent remark in discussion on Boycotting, which brings up GRANVILLE, SPENCER, and the cumbrous KIMBERLEY. Markiss marches in. For some minutes, quite a pleasant rumpus. *Business done.*—Commons Counted Out.

THOROUGH.—"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," is the motto of action for the Earl of ONSLOW and Lord CLINTON, who have lately been inspecting for themselves the sweating dens of Whitechapel—or rather Blackchapel. When a Select Committee wants to get on fast, let them get ONSLOW. He is like the celebrated GRIFFITHS, a safe man, and his title should be, Earl of ONSLOW-AND-SURE. Success to both their Lordships in their praiseworthy endeavours to get the whole truth out about the "sweating system." They must have experienced some melting moments in Whitechapel.

HOW OUR GREENGROCER PROPOSED TO EVADE THE TAX.

"Wheels? Lor' bless ye! I ain't got no wheels! This 'ere 's my garden-roller, this is!"

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY. "THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES."

THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

J. EXSHAW & CO.'S
FINEST OLD BRANDY.
6s. per doz. in Cases as imported.
J. W. STAPLETON & Co., 209, Regent Street, W.

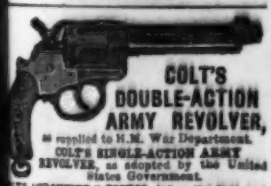
OLD VINTAGE PORTS.
1861, 1863, 1865, 1868, 1870, 1872, &c.
GUARANTEED.
S. JOHNSON & SONS,
HAXBY-ON-DEARNE, YORKS. Est. A.D. 1799.

BURGOYNE'S
Australian Pine
TINTARA.

"I am delighted with their performances. . . . No better the beard, the better they shave. . . . I may be proud of my well-earned victory."—So says Trust Wick, the Champion Barber, after his great shaving feats in London, concerning

ERBENZ'S RAZORS

are the best, most reliable, easiest and cheapest of all Razors known, and are highly recommended by all who use them. Price 5s. the set of four.
F. ARBENZ, 107 & 108, Great Charles Street, Birmingham, well known as the first introducer of the now celebrated and largely-imitated
GEM AIR GUNS.



COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER,
as supplied to H.M. War Department.
COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER, as adopted by the United States Government.
COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, .44 cal.
COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER, & DERINGER, for the Vest pocket; best quality. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.
COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT GUNS and REPEATING MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and the Colonies. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.
HOW TO OPEN REMUNERATIVELY from any amount however small or large. Illustrated Prospectus (post free). LESSER FRIEDLANDER, Bloomsbury, London. Established 60 years.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
HAYMAKERS & RAKES.

PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN
GOLD MEDAL
CHERRY BRANDY
ESTABL. 1818.

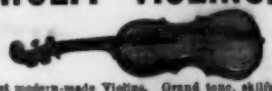
ESTABLISHED 1825.
NEAVE'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
BEST AND CHEAPEST.

TO SAVE THE TEETH, USE DAILY
THOMPSON & CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER.
In 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. bottles.
BEWARE OF INJURIOUS IMITATIONS.
THOMPSON & CAPPER,
CHEMISTS,
55, Bold Street, Liverpool,
and 51, Piccadilly, Manchester.

RANSOMES'

LAWN MOWERS
THE BEST in the WORLD.
SILVER MEDALS
Inventions Exhibition, 1885, Liverpool, 1886.
In all sizes, to suit every requirement.
"NEW AUTOMATON," "CHAIN AUTOMATON," "NEW PARIS," and NEW BANK CUTTER.
"NEW AUTOMATON" GARDEN ROLLERS.
All Machines sent on a Month's Free Trial.
Carriage Paid. Supplied by all Ironmongers.
RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, Ld., Ipswich.

SEVEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.
THE CELEBRATED
WOLFF VIOLINS.



Best modern-made Violins. Grand tone, skilfully finished. Highly recommended by Senor Sarasate, Prof. Wilhelmj, Sivori, Leonhard, Pollitzer, and many other great artists. Introduced in most of the European Conservatories and Orchestras. List of Testimonials and Prices post free at all Agents throughout the kingdom, and of
W. KONIGSBERG & CO.,
1 & 2, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Genuine Old Italian Violins, from £10 and upwards.

Legion of Honour, 1878. Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1882. Gold Medals and other distinctions.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS
from 35 Guineas upwards.
18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.
Lists Free.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS
CLEANS GLOVES,—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES,—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES,—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE.
FROM FURNITURE, CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS.
See the word COLLAS on the Label.
See the word COLLAS on the Cap.

BENZINE COLLAS—BENZINE COLLAS.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER & SON, 489, Oxford St., W.

CERTAIN HARNESS' CURE.
ELECTROPATHIC BELT
FOR
PARALYSIS
J. FULLER, Jun., Esq., Whitegatch, Salisbury, Wilts, writes:—"Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am decidedly better and stronger. I have more confidence in myself, and the pain in my back is completely gone. Your Belt is truly wonderful."
Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to
MR. C. H. HARNESS, Consulting Electrician, the MEDICAL BATTERY Co., Ltd., only Address,
52, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.
(Corner of Rathbone Place.)
Call to-day, if possible, or write at once.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
In consequence of Imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea & Perrins beg to draw attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
bears their signature, thus—
Lea & Perrins
*** Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally.
Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

THE GREAT VEGETABLE BLOOD PURIFIER
SSS

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC
is entirely a Vegetable Preparation, containing no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, or any poisonous substance, and cleanses the blood by forcing out the impurities through the pores of the skin. Hundreds of thousands of cases of Blood Diseases, Skin Diseases, and Mercurial Poisoning have been relieved by Swift's Specific.
MRS. SARAH POWELL, 39, Russell Street, Hyde Road, West Gorton, Manchester, writes:—
"I suffered for many years with Cancer on my tongue, which came near putting me in the grave. I took Swift's Specific, and am now well—can walk and talk as well as any one. I owe everything to S.S.S. I am ready to answer all questions."
S.S.S.—Swift's Specific, sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Price—Liquid, 4s. 6d. per bottle; Dry, 3s. 6d. per package, posted on receipt of above price. Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases. Posted free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY,
35, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
TABLE KNIVES.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
180, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

SMOKE THE PERFECTION OF TOBACCO.
PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF
DELIGHTFULLY COOL AND SWEET.
NAVY CUT
See that the Label bears the Trade Mark "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE" at each end.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles &c.
Roberts & Co.
Chemists, 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris
Kept at their London House
No. New Bond St. W.
all French & Foreign Medicines &c.

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR BAGGY KNEES.
JOHN HAMILTON & CO.'S
PATENT PORTABLE TROUSERS STRETCHER

OF TAILORS, HOSIERS, &c.
Polished Walnut Clamps, Nickel Rod and Fittings .. .. 8s. 6d.
Polished Birch Clamps, Bronze ditto .. 4s. 0d.
Plain ditto ditto ditto .. .. 3s. 6d.
Plain Birch Clamps, Rods not jointed .. 2s. 6d.
Indispensable to Cricketers and Lawn Tennis Players IN PREVENTING flannel Trousers FROM SHRINKING AFTER BEING WASHED.
IMPORTANT.—AVOID IMITATIONS, and insist upon JOHN HAMILTON & CO.'S PATENT, each of which is stamped with Name and Trade Mark.
If any difficulty in obtaining, or at any Stretchers are attempted to be substituted, send P.O.O. (with 6d. extra for carriage) to the Makers,
7, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.
Patronized by the Royal Family.
TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.
Analysed and approved by Dr. Hassall.
TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.
Constantly recommended by Medical Men.
TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.
Has given Strength and Vigour to Millions.
Beware Imitations. Every Genuine Package bears Tidman's name and Trade Mark.

LIFTS
LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c.
For HOTELS, MANSIONS, &c.
DINNER and INVALID LIFTS.
CLARK, BUNNETT, & CO., LIM.,
RATHBONE PLACE, W.

McCALL'S
PAYSANDU
OX TONGUES.

A PLEASURE TO USE.
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING
REGISTERED
Mr. HENRY IRVING writes: "I find your razors excellent."
KROPP RAZOR
In Case complete, Black Handle, 5/6
Ivory do. 7/6
From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 51, Frith Street, Soho Square, London, W.

The GOLD MEDAL of the International Health Exhibition, London, has been awarded for this Food; and it is recommended by the LANCET and the entire Medical Press.

For INFANTS,

BENGER'S FOOD

CHILDREN, and INVALIDS.

EXTRACT from PRIVATE LETTER.—"The Infant was very delicate. Our medical adviser ordered your Food. The result in a short time was wonderful; the little fellow grew strong and fat, and is now in a thriving condition,—in fact, 'the flower of the flock.'"

BENGER'S FOOD is sold in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. by Chemists, &c., everywhere, or by Parcels Post (Postage Free) from MOTTERSHEAD & CO. (S. FAIRS & F. B. BRYANT), 7, Exchange St., MANCHESTER.

LADIES,
SHOP BY POST.
1000
PATTERNS
POST FREE, on Approval, of the
NEW SPRING AND SUMMER DRESSES,
fresh from the
DARLINGTON LOOMS.

All in the latest Fashion, woven in Pure Wool; also the celebrated
DARLINGTON CROSS-WARP SERGES
AND
GOLD MEDAL MERINOES & CASHMERES,
Renowned for their Beautiful Appearance and Hard-Wearing Qualities. These splendid goods are Sold Direct to the Public without the intervention of Wholesale Merchants, Drapers, Agents, or Middlemen, all intermediate profits being given to the purchaser.

ANY LENGTH CUT, no matter how short—and any article not approved will be changed within seven days. All Parcels delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in Great Britain or Ireland. Either Letter Post Card, or a Sixpenny Telegram will bring the Box of Patterns by next Post, and all orders executed same day as received.

HENRY PEASE & CO'S SUCCESSORS,
Spinners and Manufacturers, THE MILLS, DARLINGTON. (ESTABLISHED 1732.)

Allen & Hanburys'
Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

USED by HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.
Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.
Needham's
Polishing
DAZZLING MIRROR FINISH. Paste
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.
LONDON OFFICE: ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

MRS GEORGINA WELDON
WRITES;
"24 MAY 1887"

"I am "50" "to-day"
"but, thanks to
PEARS' SOAP
"My COMPLEXION is only 17."

CADBURY'S
GUARANTEED PURE.
COCOA (Regd.)
GUARANTEED SOLUBLE.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 8, Lorenzo Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.